PARADOXES, PROBLEMES, ESSAYES, CHARACTERS,

Written

By Dr *DONNE*

Dean of PAULS:

To which is added a Book of

EPIGRAMS:

Written in Latin by the same Author; translated into English by

J: MAINE, D.D.

As also

Ignatius his Conclave, A SATYR,

Translated out of the Originall Copy written in Latin by the same *Author*; found lately amongst his own Papers.

De Jesuitarum dissidiis.

Quos pugnare Scholis, clamat, hi, (discite Reges)
Non sunt Unanimes, convenientq; nimis.

London, Printed by *T: N:* for *Humphrey Moseley* at the *Prince's Armes* in St *Paul's* Churchyard, 1652.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
Right Honorable
FRANCIS
Lord
NEWPORT,
Baron of
HIGHARCALE.

My Lord,

I Humbly here present unto your Honor, Things of the least and greatest weight, A 2 that

that ever fell from my Fathers Pen; which yet, are not so light that they seem vain, nor of such weight that they may appear dull or heavy unto the Reader.

The Primroses and violets of the Spring entertain Us with more Delight, than the Fruits of the Autumn; and through our Gardens we pass into our Groves and

Or

Orchards; *preserving, and candying the* Buds *and* Blossoms *of some* Trees, *admitting them amongst our* Delicacies *and* Sweet-meats; *when as, the* riper Fruit *serves only to quicken and provoke our* Appetite *to a* coarser Fare.

They are the Essays *of* two Ages, *where you may see the* quickness *of the*

firmness *of the* latter; if *they could present to your* Lordship *the* youth *and* beauty *of* Hellen, *or the* courage & strength *of* Hector, *they could not have found a more* proportionable Patron, *either to* caress *the one, or* encounter *the other, you being both* Atossa, *and* Cassius *too.*

We are content to

see

see the Picture *of* Hercules (*by a good* Painter *drawne*,) *strangling the* snakes *in his* Cradle, *as well as pulling* Cacus *out of his* Den.

Lelius *and* Scipio *are presented to us, playing at* dabstone, *before they fought against* Hannibal; *and we are more curious to know what those famous Children* Cæsar *and* Cato

said,

said, either to the Pirates, *or* Ambassadors, *then what after they spoke in* Senates *and* Armies.

Of Solomon, *we have the* Song, *as wel as the* Proverbs; Joseph *is presented to us in his* gay *and* painted Coat *of many* Colours, *as in his* Chair of state, *when he sate Governour over* Egypt; *We see* David *as well a* ruddie

die youth, *and* jolly Shephard, *as a* grave King, *and* holy Prophet; *and perhaps he did as much with his* Pibble *and* Sling *then, as he did after with his* whole Army.

Your Lordship *knows who began his first* Miracle *here, by turning* Water *into* Wine, *and made it his last to* ascend *from* Earth *to* Hea-

ven,

ven, *to shew that he that* begins *with things conducing to the cheerfulnes & entertainment of* Mankind, *may afterward* raise himself, *and change his conversation from* Men *to* Angels: *Here then you have the* entainment *of the Authors* Youth, *and the* Assumption *of his* wit *when it was employed in more* Heavenly

things,

things; and so (my Lord) *though we began with the* Scotch Gigg *and* Whirligig *of* Presbytery, *by* rowling *our selvs upon* Providence, *we are arived, at last, at the* * quiet Chaos *of* divine Independency; *where I hope I shall always rest,*

My Lord,

Your most humble and devoted Servant;

From my house in *Cov. Gar. March* 2. 1612.

JO. DONNE

*The best of Poets, *Gondibert Canto* 60. *Stans.* 53.

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Ben.

Ben. Johnſon *to the Author.*

WHo can doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* be
When I dare ſend my Epigrams to thee
That ſo alone canſt judge, ſo alone doſt make:
And in the cenſures, evenly, doſt take
As free ſimplicitie, to diſavow,
As thou haſt beſt authority t' allow:
Read all I ſend: and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone
My title's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for claps do write
Let punies, porters, players praiſe delight,
And till they burſt, their backs, like aſſes load;
A man ſhould ſeek great glory, and not broad

PARADOXES.

I.

A Defence of Womens Inconstancy.

THat Women are *Inconstant*, I with any man confess, but that *Inconstancy* is a bad quality, I against any man will maintain: For every thing as it is one better than another, so is it fuller of *change*; The *Heavens* themselves continually turn, the *Stars* move, the *Moon* changeth; *Fire* whirleth, *Aire* flyeth, *Water* ebbs and flowes, the face of the *Earth* altereth her looks, *time* staies not; the Colour that is most light,

will take most dyes: so in Men, they that have the most reason are the most inalterable in their designes, and the darkest or most ignorant, do seldomest change; therfore Women changing more than Men, have also more *Reason*. They cannot be immutable like stocks, like stones, like the Earth's dull Center; Gold that lyeth still, rusteth; Water, corrupteth; Aire that moveth not, poysoneth; then why should that which is the perfection of other things, be imputed to Women as greatest imperfection? Because thereby they deceive Men. Are not your wits pleased with those jests, which cozen your expectation? You can cal it pleasure to be beguil'd in troubles, and in the most excellent toy in the world you call it Treachery: I would you had your *Mistresses* so constant, that they would never change, no not so much as their *smocks*, then should you see what fluttish vertue, *Constancy* were. *Inconstancy* is a most commenda-

ble and cleanly quality, and Women in this quality are far more absolute than the Heavens, than the Stars, Moon, or any thing beneath it; for long observation hath pickt certainty out of their mutability. The Learned are so well acquainted with the Stars, Signes and Planets, that they make them but Characters, to read the meaning of the Heaven in his own forehead. Every simple fellow can bespeak the change of the *Moon* a great while beforehand: but I would fain have the learnedst man so skilfull, as to tell when the simplest Woman meaneth to vary. Learning affords no rules to know, much less knowledge to rule the minde of a Woman; For as *Philosophy* teacheth us, that *Light things do always tend upwards*, and *heavy things decline downward*; Experience teacheth us otherwise, that the disposition of a *Light* Woman, is to fall downe, the nature of women being contrary to all Art and Nature. Women

are like *Flies*, which feed amon
us at our Table, or *Fleas* sucki
our very blood, who leave no
our most retired places free fro
their familiarity, yet for all the
fellowship will they never be t
med nor commanded by us. Wo
men are like the *Sun*, which is v
olently carried one way, yet ha
a proper course contrary: t
though they, by the mastery o
some over-ruling churlish hu
bands, are forced to his Bya
yet have they a motion of the
own, which their husbands nev
know of: It is the nature o
nice and fastidious mindes
know things only to be wary o
them: Women by their sl
changeableness, and pleasing dou
bleness, prevent even the misli
of those, for they can never be
well known, but that there is s
more unknown. Every woma
is a *Science*; for he that plo
upon a woman all his life lon
shall at length finde himself sho
of the knowledge of her: th
are born to take down the pri

of wit, and ambition of wiſdom, making *fools* wiſe in the adventuring to win them, *miſemen* fools in conceit of loſing their labours; witty men ſtark mad, being confounded with their uncertainties. *Philoſophers* write againſt them for ſpight, not deſert, that having attained to ſome knowledge in all other things, in them only they know nothing, but are meerly ignorant: *Active* and *Experienced* men rail againſt them, becauſe they love in their liveleſs and decrepit age, when all goodneſs leaves them. Theſe envious *Libellers* ballad againſt them; becauſe having nothing in themſelvs able to deſerve their love, they maliciouſly diſcommend all they cannot obtain, thinking to make men believe they know much, becauſe they are able to diſpraiſe much, and rage againſt *Inconſtancy*, when they were never admitted into ſo much favour as to be forſaken. In mine opinion ſuch men are happie that women are *Inconſtant*, for ſo may they chance

to be beloved of some excellent woman (when it comes to their turn) out of their *Inconstancy* and mutability, though not out of their own desert. And what reason is there to clog any woman with one man, be he never so singular? Women had rather, and it is far better and more Judicial to enjoy all the vertues in several men, than but some of them in one, for otherwise they lose their taste, like divers sorts of meat minced together in one dish: and to have all excellencies in one man (if it were possible) is *Confusion* and *Diversity*. Now who can deny, but such as are obstinately bent to undervalue their worth, are those that have not soul enough to comprehend their excellency, women being the most excellent Creatures, in that man is able to subject all things else, and to grow wise in every thing, but still persists a fool in woman? The greatest *Scholler*, if he once take a wife, is found so unlearned, that he must

must begin his *Horn-book*, and fill it by *Inconstancy*. To conclude therefore; this name of *Inconstancy*, which hath so much been poysoned with slanders, ought to be changed into *variety*, for the which the world is so delightfull, *and a woman for that the most delightfull thing in this world.*

II.

That Women ought to Paint.

Foulness is *Loathsome*: can that be so which helps it? who forbids his beloved to gird in her waste? to mend by shooing her uneven lameness? to burnish her teeth? or to perfume her breath? yet that the *Face* be more precisely regarded, it concerns more: For as open confessing sinners are always punished, but the wary and concealing offenders without witness, do it also without punishment; so the secret parts

needs the leſs reſpect; but of the *Face*, diſcovered to all Examinations and ſurveys, there is not too nice a Jealouſie. Nor doth it only draw the buſie Eyes, but it is ſubject to the divineſt touch of all, to *kiſſing*, the ſtrange and myſtical union of ſouls. If ſhe ſhould proſtitute her ſelf to a more unworthy man than thy ſelf, how earneſtly and juſtly wouldſt thou exclaim? that for want of this eaſier and ready way of repairing, tobetray her body to ruine and deformity (the tyrannous *Raviſhers*, and ſodain *Deflourers* of all women) what a hainous adultery is it? What thou loveſt in her *face* is *colour*, and *painting* gives that, but thou hateſt it, not becauſe it is, but becauſe thou knoweſt it. Fool, whom ignorance makes happy, the Stars, the Sun, the Skye whom thou admireſt, alas, have no *colour*, but are fair, becauſe they ſeem to be coloured: If this ſeeming will not ſatisfie thee in her, thou haſt good aſſurance of her

her *colour*, when thou seest her lay it on. If her *face* be *painted* on a Board or Wall, thou wilt love it, and the Board, and the Wall: Canst thou loath it then when it speaks, smiles, and kisses, because it is *painted*? Are we not more delighted with seeing Birds, Fruits, and Beasts *painted* then we are with Naturals? And do we not with pleasure behold the *painted* shape of Monsters and Devils, whom true, we durst not regard? We repair the ruines of our houses, but first cold tempests warns us of it, and bites us through it; we mend the wrack and stains of our apparel, but first our eyes, and other bodies are offended; but by this providence of Women, this is prevented. If in *Kissing* or *breathing* upon her, the *painting* fall off, thou art angry, wilt thou be so, if it stick on? Thou didst love her, if thou beginnest to hate her, then 'tis because she is not *painted*. If thou wilt say now, thou didst hate her before, thou

didst hate her and love her together, be constant in something, and love her who shews her great *love* to thee, in taking this paine to seem *lovely* to thee.

III.

That by Discord things increase.

Nullos esse Deos, inane Cælum
Affirmat Cælius, probatq; quod se
Factum vidit, dum negat hoc, beatum.

SO I assevere this the more boldly, because while I maintain it, and feel the *Contrary repugnancies* and *adverse fightings* of the *Elements* in my Body, my Body increaseth; and whilst I differ from common opinions by this *Discord*, the number of my *Paradoxes* increaseth. All the rich benefits we can frame to our selves in *Concord*, is but an Even con-

conservation of things; in which *Evenness* we can expect no *change*, no *motion*; therefore no *increase* or *augmentation*, which is a *member* of *motion*. And if this *unity* and *peace* can give *increase* to things, how mightily is *discord* and *war* to that purpose, which are indeed the only ordinary *Parents* of *Peace*. *Discord* is never so barren that it affords no fruit; for the *fall* of one *estate* is at the worst the *increaser* of another, because it is as impossible to finde a *discommodity* without *advantage*, as to finde *Corruption* without *Generation*: But it is the *Nature* and *Office* of *Concord* to *preserve* onely, which property when it leaves, it differs from it self, which is the greatest *discord* of all. All *Victories* and *Emperies* gained by *war*, and all *Judicial* decidings of doubts in *peace*, I do claim children of *Discord*. And who can deny but *Controversies* in *Religion* are grown greater by *Discord*, and not the *Controversie*, but *Religion* it

it self: For in a *troubled misery* men are always more *Religious* then in a *secure peace*. The number of *good* men, the only charitable nourishers of *Concord*, we see is thin, and daily melts and wains; but of *bad discording* it is infinite, and growes hourly. We are ascertained of all *Disputable* doubts, only by *arguing* and differing in *Opinion*, and if formal *disputation* (which is but a painted, counterfeit, and dissembled *discord*) can work us this benefit, what shall not a full and main *discord* accomplish? Truely me thinks I owe a *devotion*, yea a *sacrifice* to *discord*, for casting that *Ball* upon *Ida*, and for all that business of *Troy*, whom ruin'd I admire more then *Babylon*, *Rome*, or *Quinzay*, removed *Corners*, not only fulfilled with her *fame*, but with *Cities* and *Thrones* planted by her *Fugitives*. Lastly, between *Cowardice* and *despair*, *Valour* is gendred; and so the *Discord* of *Extreams* begets all vertues, but of the

the *like things* there is no iſſue without a miracle:

Vxor peſſima, peſſimus maritus
Miror tam matè convenire.

He wonders that between two ſo *like*, there could be any *diſcord*, yet perchance for all this *diſcord* there was ne're the leſs *increaſe*.

IV.

That Good is more common then Evil.

I Have not been ſo pittifully tired with any *vanity*, as with ſilly *Old Mens* exclaiming againſt theſe times, and extolling their own: Alas! they betray themſelves, for if the *times* be *changed*, their manners have changed them. But their ſenſes are to *pleaſures*, as *ſick mens* taſtes are to *Liquors*; for indeed no new thing is done in the world, all things are what, and as they were, and *Good* is as ever it was, more plenteous, and muſt of neceſſity be

be *more common then Evil*, because it hath this for nature and perfection to be common. It makes *Love* to all *Natures*, all, all affect it. So that in the worlds early Infancy, there was a time when nothing was evil, but if this world shall suffer dotage in the extreamest crookedness thereof, there shall be no time when nothing shall be good. It dares appear and spread, and glister in the world, but evil buries it self in night and darkness, and is chastised and suppressed when good is cherished and rewarded. And as *Imbroderers*, *Lapidaries*, and other *Artisans*, can by all things adorn their works; for by adding better things, the better they shew in Lush and in eminency; so good doth not only prostrate her amiableness to all, but refuses no end, no not of her utter contrary evil, that she may be the more common to us. For evil manners are parents of good Laws; and in every evil there is an excellency, which (in common speech)

ſpeech) we call good. For the faſhions of habits, for our moving in geſtures, for phraſes in our ſpeech, we ſay they were good as long as they were uſed, that is as long as they were common; and we eat, we walk, only when it is, or ſeems good to do ſo. All *fair*, all *profitable*, all *vertuous*, is, *good*, and theſe three things I think imbrace all things, but their utter contraries; of which alſo *fair* may be *rich* and *vertuous*; *poor* may be *vertuous* and *fair*; *vitious* may be *fair* and *rich*; ſo that *good* hath this good means to be *common*, that ſome ſubjects ſhe can poſſeſs intirely; and in ſubjects poyſoned with evil, ſhe can humbly ſtoop to accompany the evil. And of indifferent things many things are become perfectly good by being common, as *cuſtoms* by uſe are made binding Laws. But I remember nothing that is therefore ill, becauſe it is common, but women, of whom alſo; They that are moſt common, are the beſt of

of that Occupation they profeſs.

V.

That all things kill themſelves.

TO affect, yea to effect their own death all living things are importuned, not by Nature only which perfects them, but by Art and Education, which perfects her. Plants quickened and inhabited by the moſt unworthy ſoul, which therefore neither will nor work, affect an end, a perfection, a death; this they ſpend their ſpirits to attain, this attained, they languiſh and wither. And by how much more they are by mans Induſtry warmed, cheriſhed and pampered; ſo much the more early they climb to this perfection, this death. And if amongſt men not to defend be to kill, what a hai-

nous

ious self-murther is it, not to defend it self. This defence because Beasts neglect, they kill themselves, because they exceed us in number, strength, and a lawless liberty: yea, of Horses and other beasts, they that inherit most courage by being bred of gallantest parents, and by Artificial nutfing are bettered, will run to their own deaths, neither sollicited by spurs which they need not, nor by honour which they apprehend not. If then the valiant kill himself, who can excuse the Coward? Or how shall man be free from this, since the first man taught us this, except we cannot kill our selves, because he kill'd us all. Yet least something should repair this common ruine, we daily kill our bodies with surfeits, and our minds with anguishes. Of our powers, remembring kils our memory; Of affections, Lusting our lust; Of vertues, Giving kils liberality. And if these kil themselves, they do it in their best and supream perfection: for after perfection

fection immediately follows excess, which changeth the nature and the names, and makes them not the same things. If then the best things kill themselves soonest, (for no affection endures, and all things labour to this perfection:) all travel to their own death, yea the frame of the whole world, if it were possible for God to be idle, yet because it began, must die. Then in this idleness imagined in God, what could kill the world but itself, since out of it, nothing is?

VI.

That it is possible to finde some vertue in some Women.

I Am not of that feard Impudence that I dare defend *Women*, or pronounce them good; yet we see Physitians allow some vertue in every poyson. Alas! why should we except *Women*? since certainly they are good for Physick

physick at least, so as some wine is good for a seaver. And though they be the Occasioners of many sins, they are also the Punishers and Revengers of the same sins. For I have seldom seen one which consumes his substance and body upon them, escape diseases, or beggery; and this is their Justice. And if *suum cuique dare*, be the fulfilling of all *Civil Justice*, they are most just; for they deny that which is theirs to no man.

Tanquam non liceat nulla pudica negat.

And who may doubt of great wisdome in them, that doth but observe with how much labour and cunning out *Justicers* and other *dispensers* of the *Laws* studie to imbrace them: and how zealously our *Preachers* dehort men from them, only by urging their *subtilties* and *policies*, and *wisdom*, which are in them? Or who can deny them a good measure of *Fortitude*, if he consider how valiant men they have overthrown, and being themselvs overthrown, how

how much and how patiently they *bear*? And though they be most *intemperate*, I care not, for I undertook to furnish them with *some vertue*, not with *all*. *Necessity*, which makes even bad things good, prevails also for them, for we must say of them, as of some sharp pinching *Laws*; If men were free from *infirmities*, they were needless. These or none must serve for *reasons*, and it is my great happiness that *Examples* prove not *Rules*, for to confirm this *Opinion*, the World yeilds not *one Example*.

VII.

That Old men are more Fantastick then Young.

WHo reads this *Paradox* but thinks me more *fantastick* now, than I was yesterday, when I did not think thus: And if one day make this sensible change in men, what will the burthen of many years? To be *fantastick*

aſtick in *young men* is *conceitfull diſtemperature*, and a *witty madneſs*; but in *old men*, whoſe ſenſes are withered, it becomes *natural*, therfore more full and perfect. For as when we *ſleep* our *fancy* is moſt ſtrong; ſo it is in *age*, which is a *ſlumber* of the *deep ſleep of death*. They tax us of *Inconſtancy*, which in themſelves *young* they allowed; ſo that reproving that which they did approve, their *Inconſtancy* exceedeth ours, becauſe they have changed *once more* then we. Yea, they are more idlely buſied in *conceited apparel* than we; for we, when we are *melancholy*, wear *black*; when *luſty*, *green*; when *forſaken*, *tawny*; pleaſing our own *inward* affections, leaving them to others indifferent; but they preſcribe *laws*, and conſtrain the *Noble*, the *Scholler*, the *Merchant*, and all *Eſtates* to a certain *habit*. The *old men* of our time have changed with patience their own *bodies*, much of their *laws*, much of their *languages*; yea their *Religion*, yet they accuſe

us. To be *Amorous* is proper and *natural* in a *young man*, but in an *old man* most *fantastick*. And the *riddling humour* of *Jealousie*, which seeks and would not finde, which requires and repents his knowledg, is in them most common, yet most *fantastike*. Yea that which falls never in *young men*, is in them most *fantastick* and naturall, that is, Covetousnesse; even at their journeys end to make great provision. Is any habit of young men so *fantastike*, as in the hottest seasons to be *double-gowned* or *hooded* like our *Elders*? Or seemes it so ridiculous to weare long haire, as to weare none. Truely, as among the *Philosophers*, the *Skeptike*, which doubts all, was more contentious then either the *Dogmatick*, which *affirmes*, or *Academike* which *denies all*; so are these uncertain *Elders*, which both cals them *fantastick* which follow others inventions, and them also which are led by their own humorous suggestion, more fantastick then other.

That

VIII.

That Nature is our worst Guide.

Shall she be guide to all Creatures, which is herself one? Or if she also have a guide, shall any Creature have a better guide then we? The affections of lust and anger, yea even to err is natural, shall we follow these? Can she be a good guide to us, which hath corrupted not us only but her self? was not the first *Adam*, by the desire of knowledge, corrupted even in the whitest integrity of *Nature*? and did not *Nature*, (if *Nature* did any thing) infuse into him this desire of knowledge, and so this corruption in him, into us? If by *Nature* we shall understand our *essence*, our *definition* or *reason*, *nobleness*, then this being alike common to all (the *fool* and the *wise* being equally *reasonable*) why should not all men having equally all one *nature*, follow one course? Or if we shall understand our inclinations;

ons: alás! how unable a guid
is that which follows the tempe
rature of our slimie bodies? fo
we cannot say that we derive ou
inclinations, our minds, or soul
from our Parents by any way
to say that it is all from all, is er
ror in reason, for then with th
first nothing remains, or is a par
from all, is error in experience
for then this part equally impar
ted to many children, would lit
Gavel-kind lands, in few genera
tions become nothing: or to say
it by communication, is error i
Divinity, for to communicate the
ability of communicating *whole*
essence with any but God, is utter
blasphemy. And if thou hit thy
Fathers nature and *inclination*, he
also had his *Fathers*, and so
climbing up, all comes of one
man, and have one *nature*, all
shall imbrace one course, but that
cannot be, therefore our *com-*
plexions and whole *bodies*, we in-
herit from *Parents*; our *inclina-*
tions and minds follow that: For
our minde is heavy in our *bodies*

afflictions,

afflictions, and rejoyceth in our *bodies pleasure*: how then shall this *nature* governe us that is governed by the worst part of us? *Nature though oft chased away, it will return*; 'tis true, but those *good motions* and *inspirations* which be our guides must be *wooed, courted*, and *welcomed*, or else they abandon us. And that old *Axiome, nihil invita, &c.* must not be said thou *shalt*, but thou *wilt* doe nothing against *Nature*; so *unwilling* he notes us to curbe our *naturall appetites*. Wee call our *bastards* alwayes our *naturall issue* and we define a *Foole* by nothing so ordinary, as by the name of *naturall*. And that poore knowledg whereby we conceive what *rain* is, what *wind*, what *thunder*, we call *Metaphysicke*, *supernaturall*; such *small* things, such *no* things do we allow to our pliant *Natures* apprehension. Lastly, by following her we lose the pleasant, and lawfull commodities of this life, for we shall drinke water and eate rootes, and those not

ſweet and delicate, as now by Mans *art* and *induſtry* they are made: we ſhall loſe all the neceſſities of *ſocieties*, *lawes*, *arts*, and *ſciences*, which are all the workemanſhip of *Man*: yea we ſhall lack the laſt *beſt refuge* of miſery, *death*, becauſe *no death is naturall*: for if yee will not dare to call all *death violent* (though I ſee not why *ſickneſſes* be not *violences*) yet *cauſes* of all *deaths* proceed of the *defect* of that which *nature* made perfect, and would preſerve; and therefore all againſt nature.

IX.

That only Cowards dare die.

Extreames are equally removed from the *meane*; ſo that headlong *deſperateneſſe* aſmuch offends true *valour*, as backward *Cowardice*: of which ſort I reckon juſtly all *un-inforced deaths*. When will your *valiant* man die of neceſſity? ſo *Cowards* ſuffer what cannot be avoided: and to run

un into *death unimportun'd* is to un into the first condemned de perateness. Will he die when he *rich* and *happie*? then by living e may do more good: and in *afflitions* and *miseries*, *death* is the hosen refuge of *Cowards*.

Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

But it is taught and practised among our *Gallants*, that rather han our reputations suffer any *maim*, or we any *misery*, we shall offer our *breasts* to the *Cannons* mouth, yea to our *swords* points: And this seems a very *brave* and a very *climbing* (which is a *Cowardly*, earthly, and indeed a very *groveling*) *spirit*. VVhy do they *chain* these slaves to the *Gallies*, but that they thrust their *deaths*, and would at every loose leap into the *Sea*? VVhy do they take weapons from *condemned* men, but to barr them of that ease which *Cowards* affect, *a speedy death*. Truely this *life* is a *tempest*, and a *warfare*, and he which *dares die*, to escape the *anguish* of

it, seems to me, but so *valiant*, a
he which dares *hang* himself, lea
he be *prest* to the *wars*. I hav
seen one in that extremity of *Me*
lancholy, which was then becom
madness, to make his own *breat*
an *Instrument* to stay his breath
and labour to choak himself; bu
alas! he was *mad*. And we knew
another that languished unde
the *oppression* of a poor *disgrace*,
so much, that he took more *pain*
to *die*, then would have serv
to have nourished *life* and *spir*
enough to have out-liv'd his *dis*
grace. What *Fool* will call thi
Cowardlyness, *Valour*? or thi
Baseness, *Humility*? And lastly
of these men which die the *Alle*
goricall death of entring into *Re*
ligion, how few are found fit fo
any shew of *valiancy*? but on
ly a *soft* and *supple metal*, mad
only for *Cowardly* solitarines.

The

X.

That a Wise Man is known by much laughing.

Ridi, si sapis, ô puella ride; If thou beest *wise*, *laugh*: for since the *powers* of *discourse*, *reason*, and *laughter*, be equally *proper* unto Man only, why shall not he be only most *wise*, which hath most use of *laughing*, as well as he which hath most of *reasoning* and *discoursing*? I always did, and shall understand that *Adage*;

Per risum multum possis cognoscere stultum,

That by much *laughing* thou maist know there is a *fool*, not, that the *laughers* are *fools*, but that among them there is some *fool*, at whom *wise men* laugh: which moved *Erasmus* to put this as his first *Argument* in the mouth of his *Folly*, that *she made Beholders laugh*: for *fools* are the most laughed at, and laugh the least themselves of any. And

Nature saw this *faculty* to be so necessary in man, that she hath been content that by *more causes* we should be importuned to *laugh*, than to the *exercise* of any other *power*; for things in themselves utterly *contrary*, beget this effect; for we *laugh* both at *wit* and *absurd* things: At both which sorts I have seen men *laugh so long*, and *so earnestly*, that at last they have *wept* that they could laugh no more. And therefore the *Poet* having described the quietness of a *wise retired man*, saith in one, what we have said before in many lines; *Quid facit Canius tuus? ridet.* We have received that even the *extremity* of *laughing*, yea of *weeping* also, hath been accounted *wisdom*: and that *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*, the *lovers* of these *Extreams*, have been called *lovers of Wisdom*. Now among our *wise men* I doubt not but many would be found, who would laugh at *Heraclitus* weeping, none which weep at *Democritus* laughing.

ing. At the hearing of *Comedies* or other witty reports, I have noted ſome, which not underſtanding *jeſts*, &c. have yet choſen this as the beſt means to ſeem *wiſe* and *underſtanding*, to *laugh* when their *Companions laugh*; and I have preſumed them *ignorant*, whom I have ſeen *unmoved*. A *fool* if he come into a *Princes Court*, and ſee a *gay* man leaning at the wall, ſo *gliſtring*, and ſo *painted* in many *colours* that he is hardly diſcerned from one of the *Pictures* in the *Arras*, hanging his *body* like an *Iron-bound cheſt*, girt in and thick *rib'd* with *broad gold laces*, may (and commonly doth) envy him. But alas! ſhall a *wiſe man*, which may not only not *envy*, but not *pitty* this *Monſter*, do nothing? Yes, let him *laugh*. And if one of theſe *hot cholerick firebrands*, which nouriſh themſelves by *quarrelling*, and kindling others, ſpit upon a *fool* one *ſparke* of *diſgrace*, he, like a *thatcht houſe* quickly burning, may be *angry*; but the *wiſe man*,

as *cold* as the *Salamander*, may not only not be *angry* with him, but not be *sorry* for him; therefore let him *laugh*: so he shall be known a Man, because he can *laugh*, a *wise Man* that he knows at what to laugh, and a *valiant Man* that he *dares* laugh: for he that *laughs* is justly reputed more *wise*, then at whom it is *laughed*. And hence I think proceeds that which in these later *formal* times I have much noted; that now when our *superstitious civilitie* of *manners* is become a mutuall *tickling flattery* of one another, almost every man affecteth an *humour* of *jesting*, and is content to be *dejected*, and to *deform* himself, yea become *fool* to no other *end* that I can spie, but to give his *wise Companion* occasion to *laugh*; and to shew themselves in *promptness* of *laughing* is so great in *wise men*, that I think all *wise men*, if any *wise man* do read this *Paradox*, will *laugh* both at it and me.

That

XI.

That the Gifts of the Body are better then those of the Minde.

I Say again, that the *body* makes the *minde*, not that it created it a *minde*, but *forms* it a *good* or a *bad minde*; and this *minde* may be confounded with *soul* without any violence or injustice to *Reason* or *Philosophy*: then the *soul* it seems is enabled by our *Body*, not this by it. My *Body* licenseth my *soul* to *see* the worlds *beauties* through mine *eyes*: to *hear* pleasant things through mine *ears*; and affords it apt *Organs* for the convenience of all perceivable *delight*. But alas! my *soul* cannot make any *part*, that is not of it self disposed to *see* or *hear*, though without doubt she be as able and as willing to see *behinde* as *before*. Now if my *soul* would say, that

ſhe enables any part to taſte theſe pleaſures, but is her ſelfe only delighted with thoſe rich *ſweetneſſes* which her *inward eyes* and *ſenſes* apprehend, ſhee ſhould diſſemble; for I ſee her often ſolaced with *beauties*, which ſhee ſees through mine *eyes*, and with *muſicke* which through mine *eares* ſhe heares. This *perfection* then my *body* hath, that it can impart to my *minde* all his *pleaſures*; and my *mind* hath ſtill many, that ſhe can neither teach my *indiſpoſed* part her *faculties*, nor to the beſt *eſpouſed* parts ſhew it *beauty* of *Angels*, of *Muſicke*, of *Spheres*, whereof ſhe boaſts the *contemplation*. Are *chaſtity*, *temperance*, and *fortitude* gifts of the *minde*? I appeale to *Phyſitians* whether the cauſe of theſe be not in the *body*; *health* is the gift of the *body*, and *patience* in ſickneſſe the gift of the *minde*: then who will ſay that *patience* is as good a happineſſe, as *health*, when wee muſt be extremely *miſera-*

miſerable to purchaſe this *happi-neſſe*. And for nouriſhing of *ci-vill ſocieties* and *mutuall love* a-mongſt men, which is our *chief end* while we are men; I ſay, this *beauty*, *preſence*, and *proportion* of the *body*, hath a more *maſcu-line* force in begetting this *love*, then the *vertues* of the *minde*: for it ſtrikes us ſuddenly, and poſ-ſeſſeth us *immoderately*; when to know thoſe *vertues* require ſome *Judgement* in him which ſhall diſcerne, a *long time* and *converſation* between them. And even at laſt how much of our *faith* and *beleefe* ſhal we be driven to beſtow, to aſſure our ſelves that theſe *vertues* are not *counter-feited*: for it is the ſame to be, and *ſeem vertuous*, becauſe that he that hath *no vertue* can *diſſem-ble* none, but he which hath a *little*, may *gild* and *enamell*, yea and transforme much *vice* into *vertue*: For allow a man to be *diſcreet* and *flexible* to *complaints*, which are great *vertuous* gifts of the *minde*, this *diſcretion* will be to

to him the *ſoule* and *Elixir* of all *vertues*, ſo that touched with this even *pride* ſhall be made *humility*; and *Cowardice*, honourable and wiſe *valour*. But in things ſeen there is not this danger, for the *body* which thou loveſt and eſteemeſt *faire*, is *faire*: certainly if it be not *faire* in *perfection*, yet it is *faire* in the ſame *degree* that thy *Judgment* is good. And in a *faire body*, I do ſeldom ſuſpect a *diſproportioned minde*, and as ſeldome hope for a *good* in a *deformed*. When I ſee a *goodly houſe*, I aſſure my ſelfe of a *worthy poſſeſſour*, from a *ruinous weather-beaten building* I turn away, becauſe it ſeems either ſtuffed with *varlots* as a *Priſon*, or handled by an *unworthy* and *negligent tenant*, that ſo ſuffers the *waſt* therof. And truly the gifts of *Fortune*, which are *riches*, are only *handmaids*, yea *Pandars* of the *bodies pleaſure*; with their ſervice we nouriſh *health*, and preſerve *dainty*, and wee buy *delights* ſo that *vertue* which muſt be loved for

ed for *it ſelfe*, and reſpects no further *end*, is indeed *nothing*; And *riches*, whoſe *end* is the *good* of the *body*, cannot be ſo *perfectly good*, as the *end* whereto it levels.

PRO-

PROBLEMS.

I.

Why have Baſtards beſt Fortune?

BEcauſe *Fortune* her ſelf is a *Whore*, but ſuch are not moſt indulgent to their *iſſue*; the old natural reaſon (but thoſe meeting in *ſtoln love* are moſt *vehement*, and ſo contribute more *ſpirit* then the *eaſie* and *lawfull*) might govern me, but that now I ſee *Miſtreſſes* are become *domeſtick* and *in ordinary*, and they and wives *wait* but by *turns*, and *agree* as well as they had *lived* in the *Ark*.

The old Moral reaſon (that *Baſtards*,

ſtards inherit *wickedneſs* from their *Parents*, and ſo are in a better way to *preferment* by having a *ſtock* before-hand, then thoſe that build all their *fortune* upon the *poor* and *weak* ſtock of *Original ſin)* might prevail with me, but that ſince we are fallen into ſuch times, as now the *World* might *ſpare* the *Devil*, becauſe *ſhe* could be bad enough without *him*. I ſee men *ſcorn* to be *wicked* by *example*, or to be *beholding* to others for their *damnation*. It ſeems reaſonable, that ſince *Laws* rob them of *ſucceſſion* in *civil benefits*, they ſhould have ſomething elſe *equivalent*. As *Nature* (which is *Laws pattern*) having denyed Women *Conſtancy* to *one*, hath provided them with *cunning* to allure *many*; and ſo *Baſtards de jure* ſhould have better *wits* and *experience*. But beſides that by *experience* we ſee many *fools* amongſt them, we ſhould take from them one of their chiefeſt helps to *preferment*, and we ſhould deny them to

to be *fools*: and (that which is only left) that *women* chuſe *worthier* men then their *husbands*, is falſe *de facto*: either then it muſt be that the *Church* having removed them from all place in the *publick Service* of *God*, they have better means than others to be *wicked*, and ſo *fortunate*: Or elſe becauſe the two *greateſt powers* in this *world*, the *Devil* and *Princes* concur to their *greatneſs*: the one giving *baſtardy*, the other *legitimation*: As *Nature* frames and conſerves great *bodies* of *contraries*. Or the cauſe is, becauſe they abound moſt at *Court*, which is the *forge* where *fortunes* are made, or at leaſt the *ſhop* where they be *ſold*.

Why

II.

Why Puritans make long Sermons

IT needs not for *perſpicuouſneſs*, for God knows they are plain enough: nor do all of them uſe *Sem-brief-Accents*, for ſome of them have *crotchets* enough. It may be they intend not to riſe like *glorious Tapers* and *Torches*, but like *Thin-wretched-ſick-watching-Candles*, which *languiſh* and are in a Divine *Conſumption* from the firſt minute, yea in their *ſnuff*, and *ſtink*, when others are in their more profitable *glory*. I have thought ſometimes, that out of *conſcience*, they allow *long meaſure* to *courſe ware*. And ſometimes, that *uſurping* in that *place* a *liberty* to *ſpeak freely* of *Kings*, they would *reigne* as long as they could. But now I think they do it out of a *zealous* imagination, that, *It is their duty to Preach on till their Auditory wake.*

Why

III.

Why did the Divel reserve Jesuites till these latter dayes.

DId he know that our *Age* would deny the *Devils possessing*, and therefore provided by these to *possesse* men and kingdomes? Or to end the *disputation* of *Schoolmen*, why the *Divel* could not make *lice* in *Egypt*; and whether those things hee *presented* there, might be *true*; hath he sent us a *true* and *reall plague*, worse than those *ten*? Or in *ostentation* of the *greatness* of his *Kingdome*, which even *division* cannot *shake*, doth he send us these which *disagree* with all the rest? Or knowing that our *times* should discover the *Indies*, and abolish their *Idolatry*, doth he send these to give them *another* for it? Or peradventure they have been in the *Roman Church* these *thousand yeeres*, though we have called them by *other names*.

IV. *Why*

IV.

Why is there more Variety of Green then of other Colours?

IT is becauſe it is the figure of *Youth* wherin *nature* would provide as many *green*, as *youth* hath *affections*; and ſo preſent a *Sea-green* for *profuſe wasters* in *voyages*; a *Graſſe-green* for ſudden *new men enobled* from *Graſiers*; and a *Gooſe-green* for ſuch *Polititians* as pretend to preſerve the *Capitol*. Or elſe *Propheticallly* foreſeeing an *age*, wherein they ſhall all *hunt*. And for ſuch as *miſdemeane* themſelves a *Willo-green*; For *Magiſtrates* muſt aſwell have *Faſces* born before them to *chaſtize* the *ſmall* offences, as *Secures* to *cut off* the *great*.

V. *Why*

V.

Why do young Lay-men ſo much ſtudy Divinity.

IS it becauſe others tending buſily *Churches preferment*, neglect *ſtudy*? Or had the *Church* of *Rome* ſhut up all our wayes, till the *Lutherans* broke down their *uttermoſt ſtubborn doores*, and the *Calviniſts* picked their *inwardeſt* and *ſubtleſt lockes*? Surely the *Devill* cannot be ſuch a *Foole* to hope that he ſhall make this ſtudy *contemptible*, by making it *common*. Nor that as the *Dwellers* by the River *Origus* are ſaid (by drawing infinite *ditches* to ſprinkle their *barren Country*) to have exhauſted and intercepted their *main channell*, and ſo loſt their more profitable courſe to the *ſea*; ſo we, by providing every *ones ſelfe*, *divinity* enough for his *own uſe*, ſhould neglect our *Teachers* and *Fathers*. He cannot hope for better *hereſies* then hee hath had, nor was his *King-*

dome

dome ever so much advanced by *debating Religion* (though with some *aspersions* of *Error*) as by a *dull* and *stupid security*, in which many *gross things* are swallowed. Possible out of such an *ambition* as we have now, to speake *plainly* and *fellow-like* with *Lords* and *Kings*, we thinke also to acquaint our selves with *Gods secrets*: or perchance when we study it by *mingling humane* respects, *It is not Divinity.*

VI.

Why hath the common Opinion afforded Women Soules?

IT is agreed that we have not so much from them as any *part* of either our *mortal soules* of *sense* or *growth*; and we deny *soules* to others equall to them in all but in *speech* for which they are beholding to their *bodily instruments* For perchance an *Oxes* heart, or a *Goates*, or a *Foxes*, or a *Serpents* would speake just so, if it were in the

the *breaſt*, and could move that *tongue* and *jawes*. Have they ſo many *advantages* and *means* to hurt us (for, ever their *loving* deſtroyed us) that we dare not *diſpleaſe* them, but give them what they will? And ſo when ſome call them *Angels*, ſome *Goddeſſes*, and the *Palpulian Hereticks* made them *Biſhops*, we deſcend ſo much with the ſtream, to allow them *Soules*? Or do we ſomewhat (in this dignifying of them) flatter *Princes* and *great Perſonages* that are ſo much governed by them? Or do we in that *eaſineſs* and *prodigality*, wherein we daily loſe our own *ſouls* to we care not whom, ſo labour to perſwade our ſelves, that ſith a *woman* hath a *ſoul*, a *ſoul* is no great matter? Or do we lend them *ſouls* but for uſe, ſince they for our ſakes, give their *ſouls* again, and their *bodies* to boot? Or perchance becauſe the *Devil* (who is all *ſoul*) doth moſt *miſchief*, and for convenience and proportion, becauſe they would

would come nearer him, we allow them some souls; and so as the *Romans* naturalized some Provinces in revenge, and made them *Romans*, only for the burthen of the Common-wealth; so we have given *women* souls only to make them capable of *damnation*?

VII.

Why are the faireſt falſeſt.

I Mean not of falſ *Alchimy beauty*, for then the *queſtion* ſhould be inverted, *Why are the falſeſt faireſt?* It is not only becauſe they are much *ſolicited* and *ſought* for, ſo is *gold*, yet it is not ſo common; and this *ſuit* to them, ſhould teach them their *value*, and make them more *reſerved*. Nor is it becauſe the *delicateſt blood* hath the *beſt ſpirits*, for what is that to the fleſh? perchance ſuch *conſtitutions* have the beſt *wits*, and there is no

no *proportionable subject*, for w
mens wit, but deceit? doth th
minde so follow the *temperatu*
of the *body*, that because tho
complexions are apteſt to chang
the *mind* is therefore so? Or
Bels of the *pureſt metal* retai
their *tinkling* and *ſound* largeſt;
so the *memory* of the laſt *pleaſur*
laſts longer in theſe, and diſpo-
seth them to the next: But ſure
it is not in the *complexion*, for
thoſe that do but think themſelv
fair, are preſently inclined to
this *multiplicity* of *loves*, which
being but *fair in conceit* are *falſe*
in deed: and so perchance whe
they are born to this *beauty*, o
have *made* it, or have *dream'd* it,
they eaſily believe all *addreſſes*
and *applications* of every *man*, out
of a *ſenſe* of their own *worthi-*
neſs to be directed to them, which
others *leſs worthy* in their own
thoughts apprehend not, or diſ-
credit. But I think the *true rea-*
ſon is, that being like *gold* in many
properties (as that *all* ſnatch at
them, but the *worſt* poſſeſs them,
that

that they care not how deep we dig for them, and that by the Law of nature, *Occupandi conceditur*) they would be like also in this, that as Gold to make it self of use admits allay, so they, that they may be tractable, mutable, and currant, have to their allay *Falshood*.

VIII.

Why Venus-star only doth cast a shadow?

IS it because it is nearer the earth? But they whose profession it is to see that nothing be done in heaven without their consent (as *Re* —— says in himself of *Astrologers*) have bid *Mercury* to be nearer. Is it because the works of *Venus* want shadowing, covering, and disguising? But those of *Mercury* need it more; for Eloquence, his occupation, is all shadow and colours; let our life be a sea, and then our reason and even

ons are winde enough to carry
whether we ſhould go, but Elo
quence is a ſtorm and tempe
that miſcarries: and who doub
that Eloquence which muſt per
ſwade people to take a yoke
ſovetaignty (and then beg an
make Laws to tye them faſter
and then give money to the in
vention, repair and ſtrengthen it,
needs more ſhadows and colou
ring, then to perſwade any ma
or woman to that which is natu
ral. And *Venus* markets are ſ
natural, that when we ſolicit
the beſt way (which is by *mar
age*) our perſwaſions work not ſo
much to draw a woman to
us, as againſt her natur
to draw her from all other be
ſides. And ſo when we go a
gainſt nature, and from *Ven
work* (for marriage is chaſtitie)
we need ſhadowes and colours
but not elſe. In *Seneca*'s time i
was a courſe, an un-*Roman* and
contemptible thing even in
Matron, not to have had a *Lo*
beſid

eſide her husband, which hough the Law required not at heir hands, yet they did it *zea-ouſly* out of the Councel of Cuſtom and faſhion, which was *venery* of *ſupererrogation*:

Et te ſpectator pluſquam delectat Adulter,

ſaith *Martial*: And *Horace*, because many lights would not ſhew him enough, created many *Images* of the ſame Object by wainſcoting his chamber with looking-glaſſes: ſo that *Venus* flies not light, ſo much as *Mercury*, who creeping into our underſtanding, our darkneſs would be defeated, if he were perceived. Then either this *ſhadow* confeſſeth that ſame dark Melancholy Repentance which accompanies; or that ſo violent fires, needs ſome ſhadowy refreſhing and intermiſſion: Or elſe light ſignifying both day and youth, and ſhadow both night and age, ſhe pronounceth by this that ſhe profeſſeth both all perſons and times.

IX.

Why is Venus-ſtar multinominous called both Heſperus *and* Veſper.

THe Moon hath as many names, but not as ſhe is a ſtar, but as ſhe hath divers governments; but *Venus* is *multinominous* to give example to her *proſtitute diſciples*, who ſo often either to renew or refreſh themſelves towards lovers, or to diſguiſe themſelves from *Magiſtrates*, are to take new names. It may be ſhe takes new names after her many functions, for as ſhe is ſupream Monarch of all Sins at large (which is *luſt*) ſo is ſhe joyned in Commiſſion with all *Mythologicks*, with *Juno*, *Diana*, and all others for marriage. It may be becauſe of the divers names to her ſelf, for her affections have more names than any vice: *ſcilicet*, *Pollution*, *Fornication*, *Adultery*, *Lay-Inceſt*, *Church-Inceſt*, *Rape*, *Sodomy*, *Maſtupration*,

ion, *Masturbation*, and a thou-
nd others. Perchance her di-
ers names shewed her applia-
leness to divers men, for *Nep-
une* distilled and wet her in love,
he Sun warms and melts her,
Mercury perswaded and swore
er, *Jupiters* authority secured,
nd *Vulcan* hammer d her. As
Hesperus she presents you with
er *bonum utile*, because it is whol-
omest in the morning: As *Vesper*
ith her *bonum delectabile*, because
is pleasantest in the evening.
nd because industrious men rise
nd endure with the Sun in their
ivil businesses, this Star cals them
pa little before, and remem-
ers them again a little after for
er business; for certainly,

Venit Hesperus, ite capellæ:

was spoken to Lovers in the per-
ons of *Goats*.

X. *Why*

X.

Why are new Officers leaſt oppreſſing?

MUſt the old Proverb, that *Old dogs bite ſoreſt*, be true in all kinde of *dogs*? Me thinks the freſh memory they have of the money they parted with for the place, ſhould haſten them for the re-imburſing: And perchance they do but ſeem eaſier to their ſuiters; who (as all other Patients) do account all change of pain, eaſie. But if it be ſo, it is either becauſe the ſodain ſenſe and contentment of the honor of the place, retards and remits the rage of their profits, and ſo having ſtayed their ſtomacks, they can forbear the ſecond courſe a while: Or having overcome the ſteepeſt part of the hill, and clambered above Competitions and Oppoſitions they dare loiter, and take breath: Perchance being come from places, where

where they tasted no gain, a little seems much to them at first, for it is *long before a Christian conscience overtakes, or straies into an Officers heart.* It may be that out of the general disease of all men not to love the memory of a predecessor, they seek to disgrace them by such easiness, and make good first impressions, that so having drawn much water to their Mill, they may afterwards grind at ease: For if from the rules of good horsemanship, they thought it wholsome to jet out in a moderate pace, they should also take up towards their journeys end, not mend their pace continually, and gallop to their Inns-dore, the *grave*; except perchance their conscience at that time so touch them that they think it an injury & damage both to him that must sell, and to him that must buy the Office after their death, and a kind of *dilapidation* if they by continuing honest should discredit the place, and bring it to a lower rent, or under-value.

XI.

Why doth the Poxe ſoe much affect to undermine the Noſe?

PAracelſus perchance ſaith true, That every Diſeaſe hath his Exaltation in ſome part certaine. But why this in the Noſe? Is there ſo much mercy in this diſeaſe, that it provides that one ſhould not ſmell his own ſtinck? Or hath it but the common fortune, that being begot and bred in obſcureſt and ſecreteſt places, becauſe therefore his ſerpentine crawling and inſinuation ſhould not be ſuſpected, nor ſeen, he comes ſooneſt into great place, and is more able to deſtroy the worthieſt member, then a Diſeaſe better born? Perchance as mice defeat Elephants by knawing their *Proboſcis*, which is their Noſe, this wretched Indian Vermine practiſeth to doe the ſame upon us. Or as the ancient furious *Cuſtome* and *Connivency* of ſome Lawes, that one might cut off their Noſe whome he deprehended

hended in Adulterie, was but a Tipe of this; And that now more charitable lawes having taken away all Revenge from particular hands, this common Magistrate and Executioner is come to doe the same Office invisibly? Or by withdrawing this conspicuous part, the Nose, it warnes us from all adventuring upon that Coast; for it is as good a marke to take in a flag as to hang one out. Possibly heate, which is more potent and active then cold, thought her selfe injured, and the Harmony of the world out of tune, when cold was able to shew the high-way to Noses in *Muscovia*, except she found the meanes to doe the same in other Countries. Or because by the consent of all, there is an Analogy, Proportion and affection between the Nose and that part where this disease is first contracted, and therefore *Heliogabalus* chose not his Minions in the Bath but by the Nose; And *Albertus* had a knavish meaning when he preferd great Noses;

And the licentious Poet was *Naſo Poeta*. I think this reaſon is neareſt truth, That the Noſe is moſt compaſſionate with this part: Except this be nearer, that it is reaſonable that this Diſeaſe in particular ſhould affect the moſt eminent and perſpicuous part, which in general doth affect to take hold of the moſt eminent and conſpicuous men.

XII.

Why die none for Love now?

BEcauſe women are become eaſyer. Or becauſe theſe later times have provided mankind of more new means for the deſtroying of themſelves and one another, *Pox*, *Gunpowder*, *Young marriages*, and *Controverſies* in *Religion*. Or is there in true Hiſtory no Precedent or Example of it? Or perchance ſome die ſo, but are not therefore worthy the remembring or ſpeaking of?

Why

XIII.

Why do Women delight much in Feathers?

THey think that Feathers imitate wings, and so shew their restlessnes and instability. As they are in matter, so they would be in name, like *Embroiderers*, *Painters*, and such *Artificers* of curious *vanities*, which the vulgar call *Pluminaries*. Or else they have feathers upon the same reason, which moves them to love the unworthiest men, which is, that they may be thereby excusable in their inconstancy and often changing.

XIV.

Why doth not Gold foyl the fingers?

DOth it direct all the venom to the heart? Or is it because bribing should not be discovered? Or because that should pay purely, for which pure things are given, as *Love*, *Honor*, *Justice* and

and Heaven? Or doth it ſeldom come into innocent hands, but into ſuch as for former foulneſs you cannot diſcern this?

XV.

Why do great men of all dependants, chuſe to preſerve their little Pimps?

IT is not becauſe they are got neareſt their ſecrets, for they whom they bring come nearer. Nor becauſe commonly they and their bawds have lain in one belly, for then they ſhould love their brothers aſwel. Nor becauſe they are witneſſes of their weakneſs, for they are weak ones. Either it is becauſe they have a double hold and obligation upon their maſters for providing them ſurgery and remedy after, aſwel as pleaſure before, and bringing them always ſuch ſtuff, as they ſhal always need their ſervice? Or becauſe they may be received and entertained every where, and Lords fling off none but ſuch as they may

may destroy by it. Or perchance we deceive our selves, and every Lord having many, and, of necessity, some rising, we mark only these.

XVI.

why are Courtiers sooner Atheists then men of other conditions?

[S]it becaus as *Physitians* contemplating Nature, and finding many abstruse things subject to the search of Reason, thinks therfore that all is so; so they (seeing mens destinies, mad at Court, neck out and in joynt there, *War*, *Peace*, *Life* and *Death* derived from thence) climb no higher? Or doth a familiarity with greatness, and daily conversation and acquaintance with it breed a contempt of all greatness? Or becaus that they see that opinion or need of one another, and fear makes the degrees of servants, Lords and Kings, do they think that God likewise for such Reason

Reaſon hath been mans Creator? Perchance it is becauſe they ſe Vice proſper beſt there, and, bu thened with ſinne, doe they not for their eaſe, endeavour to pu off the feare and Knowledge o God, as facinorous men deny Magiſtracy? Or are the moſt A theiſts in that place, becauſe it is the foole that ſaid in his heart, There is no God.

XVII.

Why are ſtatesmen moſt incredulous?

ARe they all wiſe enough to follow their excellent Pattern *Tiberius*, who brought the ſenate to be diligent and induſtrious to believe him, were it never ſo oppoſite or diametricall, that it deſtroyed their very ends to be believed, as *Aſinius Gallus* had almoſt deceived this man by believing him, and the Major and Aldermen of *London* in *Richard* the Third? Or are buſineſſes (about

out which theſe men are con-
erſant) ſo conjecturall, ſo ſub-
ect to unſuſpected interventions
hat they are therefore forc'd to
peake oraculouſly, whiſperingly,
enerally, and therefore eſcap-
ingly, in the language of Alma-
nack-makers for weather? Or
re thoſe (as they call them)
Arcana imperii, as by whom the
Prince provokes his luſt, and by
whom he vents it, of what Cloath
his ſocks are, and ſuch, ſo deep,
and ſo irreveald, as any error in
them is inexcuſable? If theſe
were the reaſons, they would not
only ſerve for ſtate-buſineſs. But
why will they not tell true, what
a Clock it is, and what weather,
but abſtain from truth of it, if it
conduce not to their ends, as
Witches which will not name Je-
ſus, though it be in a curſe? ei-
there they know little out of
their own Elements, or a Cuſtom
in one matter begetts an habite
in all. Or the lower ſort imitate
Lords, they their Princes, theſe
their Prince. Or elſe they be-
lieve

lieve one another, and so never hear truth. Or they absta from the little Channel of truth least, at last, they should *finde the fountain it self, God.*

The

The Character of a *Scot* at the first ſight.

AT his firſt appearing in the *Charterhouſe*, an Olive coloured Velvet ſuit owned him, which ſince became mouſ-colour, A pair of unskour'd ſtockings-gules, One indifferent ſhooe, his band of *Edenburgh*, and cuffs of *London*, both ſtrangers to his ſhirt, a white feather in a hat that had bin ſod, one onely cloak for the rain, which yet he made ſerve him for all weathers: A Barren-half-acre of Face, amidſt whereof an eminent Noſe advanced himſelf.

himself, like the new Mount at *Wansted*, over-looking his Beard and all the wilde Countrey thereabouts; He was tended enough, but not well; for they were certain dumb creeping Followers, yet they made way for their Master, the Laird. — At the first presentment his Breeches were his Sumpter, and his Packets, Trunks, Cloak-bags, Portmanteau's and all; He then grew a Knight-wright, and there is extant of his ware at 200*l.* 150*l.* and 200*l.* price. Immediately after this, he shifteth his suit, so did his Whore, and to a Bear-baiting they went, whither I followed them not, but *Tom. Thorney* did.

The True Character of a *Dunce*.

HE hath a Soule drowned in a lump of Fleſh, or is a piece of Earth that *Prometheus* put not half his proportion of Fire into, a thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it, The moſt dangerous creature for confirming an *Atheiſt*, who would ſtraight ſwear, his ſoul were nothing but the bare temperature of his body: He ſleeps as he goes, and his thoughts ſeldom reach an inch further then his eyes; The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoul lye Fallow, or are like the reſtive Jades that no ſpur can drive forwards towards

wards the purſuite of any worthy deſign; one of the moſt unprofitable of all Gods creatures, being as he is, a thing put clean beſides his right uſe, made fitt for the cart & the flail, and by miſchance Entangled amongſt books and papers, a man cannot tel poſſible what he is now good for, ſave to move up and down and fill room, or to ſerv as *Animatum Inſtrumentum* for others to work withal in baſe Imployments, or to be a foyl for better witts, or to ſerve (as They ſay monſters do) to ſet out the variety of nature, and Ornament of the Univerſe, He is meer nothing of himſelf, neither eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits but by imitation, for al which, he hath ſet forms & faſhions, which he never varies, but ſticks to, with the like plodding conſtancy that a milhorſ follows his trace, both the muſes and the graces are his hard Miſtriſſes, though he daily Invocate them, though he ſacrifize *Hecatombs*, they ſtil look a ſquint, you ſhall note him oft (beſides his dull eye and

and louting head, and a certain clammie benum'd pace) by a fair displai'd beard, a Nightcap and a gown, whose very wrincles proclaim him the true genius of formality, but of al others, his discourse and compositions best speak him, both of them are much of one stuf & fashion, he speaks just what his books or last company said unto him without varying one whit & very seldom understands himself, you may know by his discourse where he was last, for what he read or heard yesterday he now dischargeth his memory or notebook of, not his understanding, for it never came there; what he hath he flings abroad at al adventurs without accomodating it to time, place persons or occasions, he commonly loseth himself in his tale, and flutters up and down windles without recovery, and whatsoever next presents it self, his heavie conceit seizeth upon and goeth along with, however *Heterogeneal* to his matter in hand, his jests are either old stead proverbs, or lean-starv'd-hackny-*Apoph-*

Apophthegm's, or poor verbal quips outworn by Servingmen, Tapsters and Milkmaids, even laid aside by Balladers. He assents to all men that bring any shadow of reason, and you may make him when he speaks most Dogmatically, even with one breath, to averr pure contradictions. His Compositions differ only *terminorum positione* from Dreams. Nothing but rude heaps of Immaterial inchoherent drossie-rubbish-stuffe, promiscuously thrust up together, enough to Infuse dullness and Barrenness of Conceit into him that is so Prodigall of his eares as to give the hearing, enough to make a mans memory Ake with suffering such dirtie stuffe cast into it, as unwellcome to any true conceit, as Sluttish Morsells or Wallowish Potions to a Nice-Stomack which whiles he empties himselfe of, it sticks in his Teeth nor can he be Delivered without Sweate and Sighes, and Humms, and Coughs enough to shake his Gran-

Grandams teeth out of her head; Heel ſpitt, and ſcratch, and yawn, and ſtamp, and turn like ſick men from one elbow to another, and Deſerve as much pitty during this torture as men in Fits of Tertian Feavors or ſelfe laſhing Penitentiaries; in a word, Rip him quite aſunder, and examin every hred of him, you ſhall finde him to be juſt nothing, but the ſubject of Nothing, the object of contempt, yet ſuch as he is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould ever become better.

An

An Eſſay of *Valour*.

I Am of opinion that nothing is ſo potent either to procure or merit Love, as Valour, and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall do my ſelf much eaſe, becauſe Valour never needs much wit to maintain it: To ſpeak of it in it ſelf, It is a quality which he that hath, ſhall have leaſt need of, ſo the beſt League between Princes is a mutual fear of each other, it teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the Lye unſufferable, though being alone, he finds no hurt it doth him, It leaves it ſelf to others cenſures, for he that brags of his own valour, diſſwades others from believing

lieving it, It feareth a word no more then an Ague, It always makes good the Owner, for though he be generally held a fool, he shall seldom hear so much by word of mouth, and that enlargeth him more than any spectacles, for it maketh a little fellow be called a tall man, it yeilds the wall to none but a woman, whose weakness is her prerogative, or a man seconded with a woman as an usher, which always goes before his betters, It makes a man become the witness of his own words, and stand to whatever he hath said, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the Law, it furnisheth youth with action, and age with discourse, and both by futures, for a man must ever boast himself in the present tense, and to come nearer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it; for Valour towards men, is an Emblem of an ability towards women, a good quality signifies a better. Nothing is more behoof-

full for that Sex; for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a shorter cut for obtaining, for a man of Arms is always void of Ceremony, which is the wall that stands between *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, that is, *Man* and *Woman*, for there is no pride in women but that which rebounds from our own baseness (as Cowards grow Valiant upon those that are more Cowards) so that only by our pale asking, we teach them to deny, and by our shamefac'dness, we put them in minde to be modest, whereas indeed it is cunning *Rhetorick* to perswade the hearers that they are that already which he would have them to be; This kinde of bashfulness is far from men of Valour, and especially from Souldiers, for such are ever men (without doubt) forward and confident, losing no time least they should lose oportunity, which is the best Factor for a Lover, and because they know women

men are given to dissemble, they will never believe them when they deny, *Whilome* before this age of wit, and wearing black, were broke in upon us, there was no way known to win a Lady but by Tylting, Turnying, and riding through Forrests, in which time these slender striplings with little legs were held but of strength enough to marry their widows, and even in our days there can be given no reason of the Inundation of Servingmen upon their Mistresses, but (only) that usually they carry their Masters Weapons, and his Valour; To be accounted handsome, just, learned, or well favoured, all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the Title of Valiant Acts, at least the adventuring of his mortality, and al women take delight to hold him safe in their arms who hath 'scapt thither through many dangers: To speak at once, Man hath a priviledge in Valour; In clothes and good faces we but imitate

women, and many of that Sex will not think much (as far as an answer goes) to dissemble wit too. So then these neat youths, these women in mens apparel are too near a woman to be beloved of her, They be both of a Trade, but be grim of aspect, and such a one a Glass dares take, and she will desire him for neatness and variety; A skar in a mans face is the same that a mole in a womans, a Jewel set in white to make it seem more white, for a skar in a man is a mark of honour and no blemish, for 'tis a skar and a blemish too in a Souldier to be without one: Now as for al things else which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit, good clothes, or a good body, each of them I confess may work somewhat for want of a better, That is, *if Valour be not their Rivall*; A good face avails nothing if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the utmost of it is to be kiss'd, which rather encreaseth then quencheth appetite; He that sends her gifts sends her

word

word also, that he is a man of small gifts otherwise, for wooing by signes and tokens implies the Author dumb; and if *Ovid* who writ *the Law of Love*, were alive (as he is extant) would allow it as good a diversity, that gifts should be sent as gratuities, not as bribes; Wit getteth rather promise then Love, Wit is not to be seen, and no woman takes advice of any in her loving, but of her own eyes, and her waiting womans; Nay which is worse, Wit is not to be felt, and so no good fellow; Wit apply'd to a woman makes her dissolve (or disclose) her simpering, and discover her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of foolish melancholy, as for the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inveagle his Love with such a coloured suit, surely the same deeply hazards the loss of her favour upon every change of his clothes; So likewise for the other, that Courts

her silently with a good body, let me certifie him that his clothes depend upon the comelyneſſe of the body, and ſo both upon opinion; ſhe that hath been ſeduced by Apparel, let me give her to wit, *that men always put off their clothes before they go to bed*: and let her that hath been enamour'd of her ſervants body, underſtand, *that if ſhe ſaw him in a skin of cloth*, that is, in a ſuit made to the pattern of his body, *ſhe would ſee ſlender cauſe to love him ever after*; there are no clothes ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a ſuit of Steel, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoon ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as he that is the ſubject of all whiſperings, and hath always twenty ſtories of his own deeds depending upon him; Miſtake me not, I underſtand not by valour one that never fights but when he is back'd with drink or anger, or hiſſ'd on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons

pons when perchance it cost him his quarters wages, nor yet one that wears a privy Coat of defence and therein is confident, for then such as made Bucklers, would be accounted the *Catalines* of this Commonwealth — I intend one of an even Resolution grounded upon reason, which is always even, having his power restrained by the Law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for Valour, and therefore I must be a man of few words.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Place this after Paradox XI. fol. 37.

PARADOX. XII.

That Virginity is a Vertue.

I Call not that *Virginity a vertue*, which resideth onely in the *Bodies integrity*; much lesse if it be with a purpose of perpetuall keeping it: for then it is a most inhumane vice—— But I call that *Virginity a vertue* which is willing and desirous to yeeld it selfe upon honest and lawfull terms, when just reason requireth; and untill then, is kept with a modest chastity of Body and Mind. Some perchance will say that *Virginity* is in us by *Nature*, and therefore no *vertue*. True, as it is in us by *Nature*, it is neither a *Vertue* nor *Vice*, and is onely in the body: (as in Infants, Children, and such as are incapable of parting from it) But that *Virginity* which is in Man or or Woman of perfect age, is not in them by *Nature*: *Nature* is the greatest enemy to it, and

with moſt ſubtile allurements ſeeks the over-throw of it, continually beating againſt it with her *Engines*, and giving ſuch forcible aſſaults to it, that it is a ſtrong and more then ordinary *vertue* to hold out till marriage. *Ethick* Philoſophy ſaith, *That no Vertue is corrupted, or is taken away by that which is good*: Hereupon ſome may ſay, that *Virginity* is therfore no *vertue*, being taken away by marriage. *Virginity* is no otherwiſe taken away by marriage, then is the light of the ſtarres by a greater light (the light of the Sun:) or as a leſſe Title is taken away by a greater: (an Eſquire by being created an Earle) yet *Virginity* is a *vertue*, and hath her Throne in the middle: The extreams are, in *Exceſſe*; to violate it before marriage; in defect, not to marry. In ripe years as ſoon as reaſon perſwades and opportunity admits. Theſe extreams are equally removed from the mean: The exceſſe proceeds from *Luſt*, the defect

defect from *Peevishnesse*, *Pride* and *Stupidity*. There is an old Proverb, That, *they that dy maids, must lead Apes in Hell*. An Ape is a ridiculous and an unprofitable Beast, whose flesh is not good for meat, nor its back for burden, nor is it commodious to keep an house: and perchance for the unprofitableness of this Beast did this proverb come up: For surely nothing is more unprofitable in the Commonwealth of *Nature*, then they that dy old maids, because they refuse to be used to that end for which they were only made. The Ape bringeth forth her young, for the most part by twins; that which she loves best, she killeth by pressing it too hard: so foolish maids soothing themselves with a false conceit of *vertue*, in fond obstinacie, live and die maids; and so not onely kill in themselves the *vertue* of *Virginity*, and of a *Vertue* make it a *Vice*, but they also accuse their parents in condemning marriage. If this applica-

on hold not touch, yet there may be an excellent one gathered from an Apes tender love to Conies in keeping them from the Weasel and Ferret. From this similitude of an Ape & an old Maid did the foresaid proverb first arise. But alas, there are some old Maids that are *Virgins* much against their wills, and fain would change their *Virgin-life* for a *Married*: such if they never have had any offer of fit Husbands, are in some sort excusable, and their willingnesse, their desire to marry, and their forbearance from all dishonest, and unlawfull copulation, may be a kind of inclination to *vertue*, although not *Vertue* it selfe. This *Vertue* of *Virginity* (though it be small and fruitlesse) it is an extraordinary, and no common *Vertue*. All other *Vertues* lodge in the *Will* (it is the *Will* that makes them vertues.) But it is the unwillingnesse to keep it, the desire to forsake it, that makes this a *vertue*. As in the naturall gene-

generation and formation made of the seed in the womb of a woman, the body is joynted and organized about the 28 day, and so it begins to be no more an *Embrion*, but capable as a matter prepared to its form to receive the soule, which faileth not to insinuate and inneſt it ſelfe into the body about the fortieth day; about the third month it hath motion and ſenſe: Even ſo *Virginity* is an *Embrion*, an unfaſhioned lump, till it attain to a certain time, which is about twelve years of age in women, fourteen in men, and then it beginneth to have the ſoule of *Love* infuſed into it, and to become a *vertue*: There is alſo a certain limited time when it ceaſeth to be a *vertue*, which in men is about fourty, in women about thirty years of age: yea, the loſſe of ſo much time makes their *Virginity* a *Vice*, were not their endeavour wholly bent, and their deſires altogether fixt upon marriage: In Harveſt time do we not account it a great

vice

vice of ſloath and negligence in a Husband-man, to overſlip a week or ten dayes after his fruits are fully ripe; May we not much more account it a more heynous vice, for a *Virgin* to let her Fruit (*in potentia*) conſume and rot to nothing, and to let the *vertue* of her *Virginity* degenerate into *Vice*, (for *Virginity* ever kept is ever loſt.) Avarice is the greateſt deadly ſin next Pride: it takes more pleaſure in hoording Treaſure then in making uſe of it, and will neither let the poſſeſſor nor others take benefit by it during the Miſers life; yet it remains intire, and when the Miſer dies moſt come to ſom body. *Virginity* ever kept, is a vice far worſ then Avarice, it will neither let the poſſeſſor nor others take benefit by it, nor can it be bequeathed to any: with long keeping it decayes and withers, and becomes corrupt, and nothing worth. Thus ſeeing that *Virginity* becomes a vice in defect, by exceeding a limited time; I counſell all female

Virgins

Virgins to make choyce of some *Paracelsian* for their Physitian, to prevent the death of that *Vertue*: The *Paracelsians* (curing like by like) say, That if the lives of living Creatures could be taken down, they would make us immortall. By this Rule, female *Virgins* by a discreet marriage should swallow down into their *Virginity* another *Virginity*, and devour such a life & spirit into their womb, that it might make them, as it were, immortall here on earth, besides their perfect immortality in heaven: And that *Vertue* which otherwise would putrifie and corrupt, shall then be compleat; and shall be recorded in Heaven, and enrolled here on Earth; and the name of *Virgin* shal be exchanged for a farre more honorable name, *A Wife.*

A sheaf of Miscellany EPIGRAMS.

Written in *Latin* by *J. D.*

Translated by J. Main *D. D.*

I.

Upon one who for his Wives fault took it ill to be called Cuckold.

RUde scoffer! why dost cal me Cuckold? No
Loose fires of Love did in my bosome grow.
No wedlock knot by me unti'd hath bin;
Nor am I guilty of anothers sin.
Thy wife being not her own with thy limbs she,
Fool'd Cuckold, doth commit Adulterie.
Being, then, one flesh, and thou her Head, tis fit
The Horns, in Justice, on thy Brow should sit.

2. *Upon*

2.

Upon One Roger *a Rich* Niggard, *familiarly unacquainted with the Author.*

BOttomless pit of gold! slave to thy Chest!
Poor in the midst of Riches not possest!
Self *Tantalus*! To thine own wealth a Thief!
Affording scarce thy half-starv'd Womb relief.
Cheating thy limbs with cloths transparent worn;
Plague to thy self! To all men else a scorn!
Who madly dost mens silver shapes adore;
And thence getst Cheeks pale as the silver Ore.
Feare not I'le beg; my mind's above thy pelf;
Good Thrifty *Hodge*, give something to thy self.

3.

Upon a Whore barren and not barren.

THy oft repeated is no Childless sin;
When thou art lain with stil thy purse lies in.

4.

On the same.

Thy dowbak'd Lusts, and Tail which vainly wags,
Are recompenc'd by thy still teeming bags.

5.

On an old Bawd.

Loe, I an old Whore have to young resign'd;
Yet in my old flesh dwels a young whores mind.

6.

On the same.

Though ramage grown, Th'art still for carting fit;
Thy will with others bodies doth commit.

7. *On*

7.

On the same.

She, whose scarce yet quencht lust to freeze begins,
Liv'd by her own once, now by others sins.

8.

On a Bawdy-house.

Here *Mal*, providing for Threescore,
Sets up the Trade she learn'd before,
With watchings many, sweatings more.

9.

Upon an old rich scolding Woman who being married to a poor young man upbraided him daily with the smallness of his Fortune.

The Husbands complaint.

What wife like mine hath any Husband known?
By day she is all *Noyse*, by night all *stone*.

10.

Another.

Shut thy purse-mouth, Old Trot, And let's appeal,
Who'd without sauce taste so deform'd a Meal?

11.

On her unpleasing Kisses.

They can't be Kisses call'd but toothless Nips,
Which, *Beldam*, come from thy faint trembling Lips.

12. *Another.*

12.

Another.

When thy dry griſſels with my ſoft lips cloſe,
I give thee kiſſes, thou return'ſt me blows.

13.

Another.

Thy ſenſes faile thee, And pray God they may,
To me thy Cofers will their loſs defray.

14.

On the ſame old Wife.

Thou art no Woman, nor no womans part,
Infant, or Girl; ſay, who the Devil art.

15.

To the ſame.

Be not ſeen, Thou, whom I diſtracted love,
Leaſt my prodigious dotage ſcandal prove.
For being a meer Image, 'twil be ſpread,
That I no wife did, but an Idol wed.

16.

Upon one who ſaw the Picture of his ſcolding wife in a Painters ſhop. Dialog.

Painter, whoſe face is that I ſee?
Thy wives. Alas! I fear tis ſhe.
Juſt ſo her ſcolding eyes do burn;
And Brow doth into wrinckles turn.
I tremble at her ſharp noſe; ſo
Her frighring chin doth pointed grow.
All parts are ſo drawn to the life,
Methinks the picture, like my wife,
Begins to brawl, and kindle ſtrife.

17. *Another.*

17.

Another.

Say Painter, who's this whom thy hand hath (made,
Thy wife who doſt enquire, at leaſt her ſhade.
'Tis ſo; yet Painter, I had cauſe to doubt,
Seeing her Tongue, her moſt known part left out.

18.

Another.

Who's this, Painter? Thy wife, O
That ſhe were in earneſt ſo.

19.

Another.

Venus, when *Pygmalion* praid,
Chang'd a Statue to a Maid;
Whoſe cold Marble drunk warm bloud.
If at my requeſt ſhe would
My wife into Marble turn,
I would white *Doves* to her burn.

20.

Upon a Pipe of Tobacco miſ-taken by the Author for the Tooth-ach.

Outlandiſh Weed! whilſt I thy vertues tell,
Aſſiſt me *Bedlam*, Muſes come from Hell.

21.

Another.

An Hearb thou art, but uſeleſs; for made fire,
From hot mouths puft, thou doſt in fumes expire.

22.

Another.

A cloud *Ixion* for a Goddeſs kiſt;
So thou thy Lovers coſen'ſt with a miſt.

23.

To the Tobacco-seller.

Merchant of Smoke, when next thou mak'st a feast
Invite some starv'd *Chamelion* to be guest.

24.

Another.

Lothings, stincks, thirst, rhumes, aches, and caranh,
Base weed, thy vertues, that's, thy poysons are.

25.

Another.

I love thee not, nor thou me having tri'd
How thy scorcht Takers are but Takers fry'd.

26.

Another.

Niggards till dead are Niggards; so vile weed,
Thy bounty from thy ashes doth proceed.

27.

Upon a Town built in the place where a wood grew; From whence 'tis called Dukes-Wood, *or the* Burse

A Wood into fair buildings chang'd we see;
And th' Oke stands City where 'twas sel'd a tree.

28.

Another.

Faine Okes the Axe doth into Timber hew;
And a Town stands where Trees demolisht grew.

29. *Another.*

29.
Another.

From a Woods ruines did theſe Buildings riſe,
And it ſtood Grove where now it Rafters lies.

30.
Another.

This naked Beam which beares up Rooſes from (ground.
Was once with *branches* & fair. *green top*, crown'd

31.
Another.

Wood yeelds to *ſtone*, boughs are made joyces here,
And where a *Cops* ſtood now fair ſtreets appear.

32.
Upon a navigable River cut through a Town built out of a Wood.

Horſmen turn ſailers, *waves* roll where grew *woods*
And againſt *Nature* Art make ways through *floods*.

33.
Another.

The drownd land here a Cryſtall garment wears,
And her own trees, made Barges, once more bears.

34.
Another.

The tree her womb bred on the back now floats
Of this o're-flown field, now in wandring Boats.

35.
Another.

The ground whoſe head was once enricht with (Okes,
Her Temples now ſteept in ſea-water ſokes.

Another

36.

Another.

The place where once grew Aſh for warlike ſpears
The *Maze* makes *drunk* now with his briniſh teares.

37.

Upon the Medows over-flown there.

The *Medows* which their perfum'd *locks* did boaſt
Ore-flown with waters have their perfumes loſt.

38.

Another.

The hungry Cow here lately did miſtake;
And ſeeking graſſe was coſen'd with a lake.

39.

Another.

Here Fiſhes dwell, till now not us'd to fields;
And paſture ground here ſportful *Gudgeons* yeelds.

40.

Another. (*Maze*,

Mere pleaſant fields drownd by the wandring
See ſcaly flocks ſwim where once ſheep did graze.

41.

Another.

Dukes-wood where once thick buſhes did appear,
Like a new Iland now ſtands in a meer.

42.

Upon a piece of ground ore-flown, where once a Leaguer quartered. (yeelds,

Here where Tents ſtood, *Mars* now to *Neptune*
And *Sea-nymphs* tread moiſt dances ore the fields.

Another

43.
Another.

Fishes now quarter where pavilions stood;
And the smooth Tench dies the sharp hook w
(bloo

44.
Another.

Finn'd Soldiers here in *Belgick* Quarters jar;
And the fierce Pike in troubled streams mak
(wa

45.
Another.

(Spee
Dutchman! This Grove once hatcht the Warlic
Which angry Perches on their backs now wea

46.
Another.

Gudgeons, where soldiers lay, ly trencht in Sa
Fearing the bloudie Colours of the Land.

47.

A Dutch *Captain of Foot, having with his Soldiers entred a Breach, and there a while fought valiantly with a Two-handed Sword; In the very point of Victory, being mortally wounded, spake thus:*

I fighting die; How much more blest then they,
Whom a blind shot doth, standing idle, slay.

48.
Another.

We've conquer'd Boys; My wounds I highly rate,
When with such Honor they requite my fate.

49. *Another.*

49.

Another.

Thus conquering kild, my ashes triumphs gain,
And make me wish thus to be often slain.

50.

Another.

I die well paid, whilst my expiring breath,
Smiles ore the Tombs of foes made kin by death.

51.

Another.

Ere the queld *Spaniard* to the next world sent
Nor unreveng'd, his Troops before me went.

52.

His Will.

Let Heaven my soul, the foe my life, the grave
My corps, my fame let my sav'd Countrey have.

53.

To the Prince of Aurange, *on his famous Victory over the* Spaniards *in* Dukes-Wood.

Now Golden Fruit, Prince, hang on *Dukes-wood*
(Boughes;
Since it with Lawrell crown'd thy conquering
(Browes.

54.

Another.

Holland and *Aurange* may their Conquest boast
Of the quell'd *Spaniard*, but brave *Aurange* most.

55.

Another.

Spaniard, no more call *Golden Fleeces* thine,
Since the bright name of *Aurange* doth more shine.

56.

A Panegyrick on the Hollanders being Lords of the Sea. Occasioned by the Authors being in the Army at Dukes-wood.

Heathen! No more thy *Neptune* boast; Here is
A *Neptune* more Lord of the sea than thou;
Whom fruitfull *Holland* feeds, *Holland* Sea-bred;
And neighbouring *Zealand* folds in watry bed.
Neptune's a *Dutch* God; Here his wandrings stay;
And his calm'd ragings conquering chains obey.
His standing Flood here to the Bridle yeilds,
And his fierce Torrent plaies through unknown
Here the swoln sea views the inferiour ground,
And yet no green bush, even to wonder, drowned
Whilst Billows, like huge mountains, do hang o'r
The pleasing Vales which creep along the shore.
Banks hold waves captive, and through sluces pas
And *Glebes* from watry prisons snatcht we see.
Glebes, which were long of Tun, and skie bereav'd
Now the *Dutch Plowman* sees wel corn'd & shear'd
Curbing the Ocean with stout Mounds and Bar
And with the salt Gods of it waging VVars.
Making Art fetch from the deep's rav'nous womb
Pastures, lost towns, and houses; In which swoln
Shell'd Citizens, 'mongst pillars drencht in brine
Should *Achelous* here joyn strengths with thine,
And wrestle for the conquest, *Holland*, here
Each *Drayner* would a *Hercules* appear;
And cosening Art with Art, in these dry'd Plains,
Would bind the oft shape-changing God in chains.
The oft tam'd *Maze* here the *Dutch* yoke endures,
And his fear'd Master to the VValls secures
Of the fam'd *Burse* now, *Dutchman*, fear no harms,
VVhen against neighbouring Cities seas take arms.

The

The *Oceans* thine, with thee his waves have ſworn
The *league* which *Philip* broke. By him th'art born
To the parcht Indians, and thoſe lands of gold
Which the proud Tyrant doth in bondage hold:
Whoſe wealth tranſported from the plunder'd Mine
His Plate-Fleet calls his, But the Sea makes thine.
Each Dutch-man is *Columbus*; Worlds unknown
To the diſcovering Spaniard, are his grown;
Nor can I here conceal, nor yet ſay well,
Where *Heynskirch*'s praiſe, or *Olivier*'s excell,
Or *Heyn*'s more bold adventure; whoſe bright Ore
Preſt the Scars back with wealth ſnatch from the ſhore.
For whilſt I do Dutch voyages rehearſe,
And ſail with thy victorious Ships in verſe,
I, *Holland* in thy ſwimming Camp am roll'd
Into all Seas, and there both Poles behold.
The Africk ſands to thee large tribute ſend,
And *Aſia* glories to be ſtil'd thy friend;
America's rich Mines grow in thy lands,
And at thy conqueſts *Europe* wondring ſtands.

57.

To Sleep, ſtealing upon him as he ſtood upon the Guard in the corner of a running Trench, at the ſiege of Duke's Wood.

WHy doſt beſiege mine eyes, untimely Sleep?
And o'er my limbs with thy dull fetters creep?
Hence, hence, depart; To roofs well tyl'd repaire;
To beds of down, and mindes unvext with care.
Shut Virgins eyes, whilſt Love tir'd with delay,
Unſtrings his Bow, and lets his Arrows play.
Rock weary Ploughmen, and new ſtrength beget
In thoſe whoſe ſpirits were breath'd forth in ſweat;
To men oppreſt with grief, who court thy charms.
And men unbuſied lend thy Opium arms.

Be kinde to Men in bedlam, close the eyes
Of him who in a raging feaver lyes.
But let me watch; not as a spy, to mark,
With whom my wench steals meetings in the dark.
Here guards are kept, & from yond watchful towre,
The crafty Foe wyes broken sleeps with ours;
Seeking by slye plots, what pitcht-fields deny;
Hence, hence, then *Morpheus*, from our quarters fly.
Our very standing still here busines finde;
Duty imploys our bodies, cares our minde.
Duty which may the next hour double strike;
Whilst each man here stands grasping of a pike;
Waitings stoln onsets with our weary spears,
Examining even whispers with our ears.
Doubts of the coming Foe, with hopes are mixt,
And all eyes are one his approaches fixt.
All passengers we summon with our eyes,
Ask who they are, and question them for spies.
If well-known friends, they pass; if not, they stay
Till we their doubtful answers strictly weigh.
Wil not this serve, Sleep? wil not al this fright thee?
See, then, a night turn'd into day to light thee.
See a bright shine from coal-black powder spring,
And light from darkness once more issuing.
See flames like those belcht forth from *Ætna*'s Maw,
Such flames as no Fleece-stealing *Jason* law.
Hecuba's child of fire in dreams begot,
Was not like that from murdring Cannons shot.
If yet thou'lt stay, hear thunders mixt with flame,
Such as neer yet from *Cyclops* Anvil came.
Mark how the loud gun shakes the trembling sky,
whilst threatning Bals in showres of murther fly.
Sicilian Bull did not so loudly roar;
Nor was the sword more dreadful which hung o're
Damocles neck from guilt roof. Then, away,
And to such dangers, Sleep, don't me betray.

58.

To his Fellow Sentinels.

AND you, Comrades, with me this night endure;
Let our cause make us bold, Courage secure.
Lets with stout mindes our present dangers meet;
And let our stations from their toyls grow sweet.
Stations where souldiers are made brothers. Night:
In wine, and Revels spent make winged flights;
A coy whore is with patience watcht for, yet
No honor's gain'd; glory with dangers met
Here doth attend us; toyls are paid with praise.
Let's weave us Crowns, then, of immortal Bayes.
To Heaven our souls, to Earth let's flesh assign,
But in our mindes let loyal honor shine.

59.

In Comædam celeberrimam *Cinthiam* dictam ad instantiam alterius fecit.

Sic vaga formosas superabat Cinthia *Nymphas*
Ut tu nunc socius Cinthia *dicta tuas.*
Quæ tibi Majestas vultus, quæ gratia frontis!
Spiritus ut major quam muliebris inest?
Tam bene compositum suavis decet actio corpus
Ut posset credi singula membra loqui.
Cùm velis esse Venus, *vel cùm velis esse* Diana
Tam similis non est ipsa vel ipsa sibi,
Si velis esse Diana *hos ò non desere saltus,*
Hæc nemus hæc fontem florida scena dabit.
O si te nudam semel hoc in fonte viderem
Cornua tunc essent pænaq; grata canes.
Si Lunæ esse velis fiat tibi sphæra theatrum,
Pascantur radiis Lumina nostra tuis.
Sed raro hinc abeas, & cùm discedere velles
O si te possent Lumina nostra sequi;

Aut tua cum desit fœlix præsentia nobis
Impressis liceat viribus usq; frui.

Idem Anglicè *versum.*

AS wandring *Cinthia* all her Nymphs excells,
So dost thou all thy fellows; In thee dwells
Majesty mixt with lovelinesse, a spirit
That's more then womanish; thy graces merit,
And force a liking, as the lights above;
The Earths light vapours upwards force and move.
Thy action doth each passion so well fit,
As if each limb did help to utter it:
If thou wilt *Venus* or *Diana* be,
Neither will be so like her self as thee.
O wilt thou be *Diana*, haunt these fields,
This Theater both woods and fountains yeelds.
That I could see thee here but wash thy snow,
Actæon's fate Ide joy to undergo.
Wilt thou be th' Moon, then make thy sphere this
But it were pitty thou shouldst change thy age;
And if from our *Horizon* thou shouldst go,
Still to view thee wee'd change *Horizon* too;
But that we may when thou art gone from hence,
Still be made happy by thy influence.

On one particular passage of her action, when she was to be stript of her cloaths by Fulvio, *but not without much resistance.* Videns excogitavit.

AS *Fulvio Cinthias* glory would eclips,
And graced by her limbs, her robe off strips;
To see her how she strove, and pray'd, and cry'd,
But for the plays sake none could have deny'd.
And as she strove with him, so modesty
Did strive with anger for the mastery.

How

How was ſhe pale with anger, red with ſhame!
Her colour chang'd, with choller went and came,
As when the winking moon ſtrives with a cloude,
Whoſe glory darkneſs doth by fits enſhroude:
Was it nor envy, that we might not ſee (be;
That which from th' ſmock could ſcarce diſcerned
Or waſt for ſhamefaſtneſs: yes, yes, 'twas ſo,
That too much hiding of her face did ſhow.
So look'd the Nymph which *Jupiter* beguil'd
I'th water with *Diana* got with child;
So *Salmacis* half raviſh'd in the brook,
As ſhe almoſt ſtript to her ſmock did look.
The Poet was too ſparing, had ſhe been
Like intrapt *Venus* nak'd to have been ſeen;
And with a net unhid been covered;
How on her limbs our hungry eyes had fed,
And dwelt on her ſeen members, whilſt the reſt
Had by proportion eaſily been gueſt:
But pitty 'twere that ſhe enjoyn'd had been
So hard a penance, guilty of no ſin.

Finis.